

The Times.



The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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(WHOLE NO. 88.)

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY JEANNIE.

The beautiful, the beautiful,
It gleams everywhere;
The arching sky, the star-gemmed night,
The rain-bow lined with colors bright,
The clouds bedecked with sunset hues,
The flower-strewn earth, the sparkling dews,
The babbling brook, the ocean wide,
The mountain with its rock-girt side,
The forest with its sea of green,
The forest with its sea of green,
Bright glades with shady groves between;
The waving grain, the golden sheaves,
The luscious fruit, the fluttering leaves,
The falling rain, the lightning's glare,
The autumn with its beauty rare,
The Spring-time with its rich perfume,
The Summer with its wealth of bloom,
The Winter with its robe of white,
Reflecting back the glittering light,
The insect tribe, the singing birds,
The frisking lambs, the lowing herds,
The beasts that through the forest roam,
The little cat that loves calm home,
In each we find, divinely traced,
The beautiful and fair!

FORTUNE-TELLING

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY MAT SOCIAL.

"Come ladies, suppose we make up a party and call to see the Misses Ford—I am told that they are quite correct in their divinations," said the merry Frank Lee, a medical student, who was spending the interim between his terms at college, with his relatives, several miles from home.

"Pshaw! cousin Frank," answered his dignified cousin, Isabel Stratton; "you don't tolerate such nonsense and deception as fortune-telling?"

"Why not, *ma belle*, cousin?" and his eyes sparkled with mischief; "the Bible speaks of astrologers and other diviners of fate, does it not?"

"I believe it does; but I see nothing in the sacred volume, that can afford a reasonable excuse to us, who live in the light of the nineteenth century, for giving credence to their predictions, and the ladies who propose visiting are the *lowest* of their profession—they tell by cards."

"I am afraid that there is a tinge of aristocracy in the tone of your last remark, cousin Bell; will you not descend from your lofty pedestal, and honor these obscure maidens by your presence this evening, merely for amusement, cousin? for, seriously, I am not inclined to place implicit confidence in their revelations?"

"What says the rest of the company?"

"Oh! we'll go," cried a chorus of voices, both male and female.

Soon the party were on their way to the "Fortune-Tellers." It was a small log hut before which they stopped to await an invitation to enter.—A small patch of ground around it was cultivated with some apparent industry; a dog aroused from his slumbers on the threshold of the dwelling, greeted the comers with loud barking.

"Shut up dare! what's dat noise for?" and a tall weird figure appeared at the door. She seemed almost a breathing skeleton; with snapping eyes, nearly toothless gums, and long white hair, hanging loosely down her back. "Massy sakes alive! what a sight of young folks! What does yer want? if yer wants yer fortin told, I'll tell yer quick; Bets hasn't tell it."

"Oh, Miss Nancy," cried one of the gentlemen, "that is too hard—where is Miss Betsy?"

"In the house here, but she aint gwine to tell yer nothin' with my consent," said the virago.

The girls were frightened, for this one of the sisters had been deranged, and they did not know but one of her fits of insanity was on her; but by dint of flattery (what woman is insensible to it?) and persuasion her wrath was appeased and the party was admitted.

Miss Betsy sat in the corner quietly smoking her pipe, not daring to interfere during the colloquy at the door. She was not quite so cadaverous in appearance as her sister; she had her dark hair a little better arranged, and bore a milder countenance. She arose, offered them seats and after a little talk, drew from a "jam" a pack of greasy cards.

"Sue," said Mabel Gray, to quiet little Sue Carter, "I move that you have your fortune told first."

"Oh, no," replied Sue; "it don't matter, I'd rather hear something about the rest of you." She did not tell that she had given her affections to young Dr. Martin, and that she feared the "fortune-teller" might give such a statement that they all would

guess. Like many other very young girls, she had a kind of superstitious dread of these lovely maiden women and believed them gifted with power to tell, not only one's acts but thoughts. What they said she believed to be fate. Overcome by entreaty and curiosity, she yielded a half reluctant consent, and "cut the cards."

"Dare's a light haired man what likes you, and you likes him;" (the young heart beat tumultuously)—"his face is towards you, but dare's another what is 'tween you two—he's darker 'n tother; he is got money, plenty of money—a dark haired lady likes you both, is a great friend to this man," And thus Miss Betsy went on telling, each word sinking down upon the fluttering heart within Sue's bosom—part she knew was true, the rest she believed so. She heard that the wealthy suitor must become her husband; that she was to see days of sorrow, yet live in splendor. One by one the bright hopes died in her bosom, but she smiled, concealing her agonized thoughts.

Each listened in turn to their fate, as predicted by the woman. At last Isabel said, "now is my time, Miss Betsy," half seriously, half mischievously. Frank laughed, but said, "yes, tell cousin Belle."

They left there, each with an impression on their mind—Sue's, that it was her destiny to marry the rich, yet totally uncongenial man with whom she rode—Isabel's that there might be some mysterious ruling power that ordained the arrangement of those cards and conveyed their meaning to some beings more than others, her intellect revolted at the thought, yet from the fact of many things having been truthfully told during the evening, her opinion rather deviated from its former course. Frank's impression was, that it was an easy mode of getting a living—though not a very moral one, and that he had seen some sort.

"Why should we murmur? we were born to suffer."

"Charles, don't doubt my love in this my hour of agony! I had fondly hoped at some future time to be your wife—that hope is dead. It is useless to murmur at the decrees of destiny; yet, in this hour, if it can afford you any happiness, believe me when I say, Time shall never efface your image from my heart."

"Sue, oh, Sue! can it be that you will yield yourself to this man because he is wealthier than I? Destiny, indeed!" said Dr. Martin, bitterly.

"Why are you destined to be his wife? Is not every tender feeling of your inmost soul pleading earnestly for me? Sue, my life henceforth will be wretched—the bright visions of happiness that sparkled before my eyes were but the ignis fatui from the damp earth of sorrow, whose presence I knew not of."

"Charles, this interview increases in painfulness as it is prolonged—the mandates of parents must be obeyed, even though we suffer."

They parted—the loving one, Oh, from whence came the strength that bore them up amidst this great trial? The human heart is capable of intense suffering ere it break. Hope buoyed him up—she drew strength from the thought that it was her destiny, hence her duty to sever the links in the golden chain of love.

"What have you done with Dr. Martin," said her mother, when she entered her chamber.

"I have discarded him, mother," came from the white lips.

"That is right, Courtland Clay is very wealthy, and your every wish will be gratified—he loves you, and as his bride you will sustain a position in society that Dr. Martin could never secure for you, his rank is not quite equal to your own and his means less than your father's."

"Mother, spare me! oh, spare your child! Love Courtland, I cannot, and she, poor creature, believed that her fate might be tolerable, if he loved her as tenderly as he seemed to. She promised that she would be his wife. Time sped on. Then came the bridal. The bride pale as the dress she

wore. All was brilliancy and splendor—some there were who knew and pitied the sorrowing spirit of the one led as a lamb to the slaughter. Jealousy—that fell demon that turns the bright waters of joy to woe, that tramples on the sweet flowers in the soil of the heart, that uproots the tree of happiness—entered the heart of Courtland Clay and made there its home. Like a demon he grew in his severity toward the gentle one who had vowed to love him and who had struggled so earnestly to keep that vow. She never gave cause for distrust, she never breathed the name, or saw the face of Dr. Martin, and when she heard that he had married a wealthy lady, who loved him with all the love her nature was capable of, she never gave the least sign that her quiet was disturbed by the news; yet her husband taunted her daily. "Love reasons without reason," so does jealousy. Courtland remembered the day he went with Sue to see Betsy Ford, and the first words of Sue's fortune still dwelt in his mind.—The last portion of the prediction was verified, why may not the first be true? said his heart. Fiercer daily grew he in his department toward her. To neglect and scorn and scandal, he added personal violence—then the misguided parents took their child, whom they had so fearfully sinned against, back to their home.

She lives with them now—Courtland visits her, for if he can love at all, he loves her; but he cannot take her home with the consent of those parents who first urged her to be his wife!—Miserable are they both—are they all! Dr. Martin's wife died a few years after their marriage, leaving him a son to be his companion, and with that little one he lives a dejected, melancholy man. I saw Sue at a public gathering once and noticed that she was not as quiet as was her wont. On looking a little distance, I saw the Dr.—pale, oh, so pale, with his eyes riveted on her. No sign of recognition passed between them more than this.

What of Isabel Stratton? She was dignified, gifted, brilliant, rich. Many suitors knelt at her shrine, but she coldly turned from all, keeping in her heart the bud of affection blooming for one who had lived a short time in her neighborhood, while pursuing his studies preparatory to entering college.—Peculiarly fitted for each other were they; both of a lofty tone of feeling, and refined in their sentiments. He was handsome, very handsome, and while gazing on his face, she thought he alone could call forth the finest emotions of her soul. He never told his love while he stayed there—his future was uncertain, yet in his heart he cherished the hope of preparing a home which she should adorn. Prosperity did not wait upon him as quickly as he anticipated, and his thoughts were all unspoken. Years passed—their correspondence ceased; for she, weary and sick with hope deferred, deemed it best to cease writing, and sought her "spirit's light in other eyes." A worthy man sought her hand, and knowing that her heart could ask nothing more in a man than he possessed, she yielded to his suit for her hand, with a consent.

Her friends opposed the union, owing to his being unable to support her in her accustomed style; and rumours having reached her, that Harry Elston, her first love, still loved her, and that he was grieved to find her betrothed to another—she discarded Mr. Clayton. Her Cousin, the stately Mrs. Coleman visited her; and during the visit, spoke of a noted astrologer in a distant city, who had foretold some events with great truth. Stimulated by curiosity, and having some remembrance of her former adventure—she wrote to this astrologer. In the mean time, Harry Elston wooed her and with a happiness new to her, she gladly assented to be his bride. Oh! the rapture that filled those bosoms, so long the prey of anxiety and suspense! She went to visit a friend at a distance, who was warmly attached to Mr. Clayton. The astrologer's letter reached her—minutely she was described—her habits and feelings all portrayed. Then a description of her future husband—it seemed to her, that Mr. Clayton must be the person—her friend agreed, and plead for him.—He came, and in the fascination of his society, and with her senses dimmed by circumstances, and a superstitious belief in the astrology she once scorned,

her heart became recreant to its trust, and while yet the plighted of another, she again engaged herself to him.—She wrote to Harry for her letters, giving no explanation—he was at a brilliant party when it came. He stole to himself to read this missive, containing as he thought, the breathings of a loving nature. Alas! as he read, his senses reeled—he grew dizzy—came near fainting—but rallied, knowing this was no frame of mind with which to enter the parlour where all was gayety. Never did repartee flash so readily from his lips—never seemed his eyes so bright, his heart so joyous as on this night. Alas! it was the flickering light from the fire of his earthly joy, it brightly blazed, then died forever.

And Isabel—did she marry Mr. Clayton? Ah, no! Disease snatched him away from her. He went down to the chamber of death, leaving her a "ship with rudder lost." Too late her eyes were opened to her folly—then she was left to brood over the true state of her feelings; but "there was no eye to pity, no arm to save"—the love in Harry's bosom had turned to hatred, his friends turned coldly from her. Mr. Clayton was dead, and consequently those who courted her favor for his sake, cared not to retain that favor, as the possibility of getting her fortune in possession was gone.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LINES TO LILY.

BY HUGH.

O I am sad and lonely now,
For night's dark shades are o'er me cast,
And no one near to soothe my thoughts
While musing o'er the misty past.

I'm thinking of a pure bright form
And happy hours that long have fled,
Thy sparkling eyes and rosy cheek,
And sweet smiles thy lips have shed.

I'm thinking of thy love-clad vow,
And of thy never-changing heart,
And of my last and sad farewell,
When I was doomed with thee to part.

I'm thinking too of future years,
When dawn life's rugged stream we'll glide,
Shall dreary distance chill our love,
Or will it cease on life's swift tide?

Will o'er time's onward moving tread
Ere my pure love for thee;
Will o'er our hearts grow cold is age,
Or will affections cease to be?

No!—time with all her blighting dews
Can never chill this heart of mine,
For on the altar of my heart
Thy name so pure is ever enshrined.

When manhood's joys have passed away
And youth's gay charms are lost in age,
Ah! then our love will linger near,
Thy name is stamped on memory's page.

Al! oft I'll think of thee, dear one,
Of those sunny days gone by,
Of friendship's throne and joy's bright stream,
And from my heart will strain a sigh.

Now other voices speak kind words,
But still my heart's o'er turned to thee,
And those sweet words thy lips have said,
When youth's bright charms were light and free.

And when I'm far away from thee,
Thy smiles I never can forget,
In memory thou art ever near,
For love on me its seal hath set.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

'Twas midnight. A deep tomb-like stillness floated pensively in the breathless air. E'en the wayward zephyr scarce lifted its soft-sighing, quivering wing. Earth's scenery was hallowed with the serenity and sweetness of spiritual beauty. A thousand twinkling stars shined mildly down upon me, as I, in company with a literary friend, walked in meditation deep the veranda of my Alma Mater, full within the bosom of her classic shades. O, it was a holy hour! Mind and heart were busy. Thought, fledged with the pinions of affection and swift as the flight of a spirit, bore me quickly, in visions, far, far away to brighter lovelier scenes. Music! low, soft, thrilling music now fell upon my ear, echoing in Eolian strains:

'Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,
The dew-drops blaze beneath her ray,
The twinkling stars their trembling light,
Like beauty's eyes display.

'Tis midnight hour from flower to flower,
The wayward zephyr floats along,
Or lingers in the shaded bowers
To hear the night-bird's song.

My friend paused for the eloquence of the moment, and then in deep, solemn earnestness of his spirit inquired, "was it an owl?" ALEXIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SONNET * * * GUILFORD.

BY C. MURCHISON.

Britanna's haughty Lion strall'd,
Into the Eagle's nest of old
Green shrouded by his legions, "Hold!"
Mentioning the thundering cannon told,
She shouted to her squire's fold,
Then madden'd furies, angry, bold,
She drew her sword of native gold,
And struck the Lion's shaggy head,
Which afterwards was bound and sold,
At New Orleans' gutter market,
Where Jackson's banner did unfold,
At last the general vote was told,
And Yorktown's certain chart unfold.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I'LL DREAM OF THEE.

BY CORDON.

I'll dream of thee, I'll think of thee,
Thou' fate's cold stream doth me divide,
I'll ever love in memory
Thine, what'er fate shall me betide.
'Twere vain to ask me to forget—
Thy heart is warm with love as mine;
Thy joy is not complete as yet,
For thou hast said, "I will be thine."
Until those strong, those binding words,
"I will," have bound us two in twain,
Until again fond hearts have met,
Oh! never talk of love in vain,
Thou' fate to face we never meet;
And fortune's smiles ne'er beam on me,
Still I would, could, not thee forget,
And with thy heart still remember me?
And o'er my heart the smiling beams
Of hope and love forever spread,
Until with love-lit joy it teems,
Like sun-beams o'er the flower's bed.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Venerable Judge Potter.

In a late number of the *Fayetteville Observer* is given a sketch of the Hon. Henry Potter, by the Senior Editor, who has recently paid him a visit at his residence.

The venerable Judge was born in Mecklenburg county, Va., in 1764, and is consequently in his 93d year. In 1801 he was appointed by Thomas Jefferson Judge of the U. S. District Court for the State of North Carolina. The duties of this responsible office he has now discharged for a period of 56 years, in conjunction with Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Daniel, and Judge Wayne. He was 11 years old when the National Declaration of Independence was made, and remembers the stirring times of our Revolutionary struggle; was present and heard Gen. Washington deliver his first message to the Congress of the United States that convened in Philadelphia after his election; describes his enunciation as being clear and distinct, but states that his voice did not seem to possess great volume or strength.

Gen. Washington was a regular attendant of Christ Church in Philadelphia, where he had a large square pew in the middle aisle, cushioned and covered with velvet. He was in the habit of riding out on week days, on a large gray horse, richly but not gaudily caparisoned, though in a style that would pass for livery at the present day, and that the eyes of the multitude followed and revered his fine manly presence.

At one of Washington's Levees he was introduced to the General as from North Carolina, when the President in an affable manner made inquiries concerning that State, to which he responded. On retiring he bowed, and the General returning, he bowed again, and soon discovered that it was a point of etiquette with Washington to give the last bow.

On one occasion a large ball was given, which Washington and Vice President Adams honored with their presence, though neither participated in the dance. On their entrance the crowd formed right and left, and made space for them to march to the upper end of the hall where seats were provided for them; but it was difficult to keep the crowd from falling in after the tall form of Washington, and thus separating the short chunky Adams from his Chief.

About that period of his life the Judge spent two-and-a-half years in Philadelphia, and was familiar with the presence of Hamilton, Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, Anthony Wayne, Chas. Carroll, of Carrollton, Pinckney, Randolph, Rufus King, and a host of others whose names will be revered by the American people through all time. At subsequent periods he has met and heard most of the distinguished men of the country speak, either in Congress or at the Bar, and his descriptions of them are lively and interesting in the extreme.

Of Chief Justice Marshall, with whom he was so long associated on the Bench, he expresses those feelings of friendship and admiration which his pure life was so well calculated to excite. Madison's voice he describes as feeble, but states that whenever he spoke the audience maintained the silence of the grave, so that all he said was distinctly heard.

Of the Fathers of the Revolution in North Carolina, he remembers to have once seen Rich'd Caswell on horseback, and knew well Judge Iredell, Govs. Johnston, Nash, Burke, Spaight, Ashe, Davie, and all who have since presided over the State.

With the Judiciary and Bar of North Carolina, no other man has been so familiar, for during the 56 years he has presided in the U. S. District and Circuit Court, the pre-eminent talent of the Bar has appeared before him, as young men, have acquired fame and distinction, and become old, and descended to the grave before him, as in the case of Henderson, Cameron, Daniel, Moore, Gaston, Toomer, Meares, Eccles, Henry, Haywood, Duffy, and Strange.

After an hour or two spent with the venerable Judge we took our leave, wishing that he might long remain, our oldest inhabitant and the oldest official in the administration of the laws under which we live.

On leaving the hospitable Judge Pot-

ter, we could not help feeling that we left behind us one who in many respects was a remarkable man, one around whom cluster an association of ideas such as is rarely presented in the history of one individual.

He was born a subject of George the Third, but on the success of our Revolution became his equal. He witnessed the descent of three of the sovereigns of England to the grave. Lived during a period that Dr. Johnson, the great English moralist, was a law unto himself and the world on literary topics; read the lays of Goldsmith and the tales of Richardson, as they were issued; beheld the stars of Burns, Ramsey, Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Moore, Byron, Jeffrey and Scott, culminate and decline. He lived at a period when Walpole was in his zenith, and saw him in turn displaced by Pitt, and was an anxious reader of all his forensic efforts, elicited by the combined powers of Fox, Burke and Sheridan.

In France, he has outlived the fall and rise of the Orleans dynasty, and on its ruins has witnessed the rise and fall and rise again of the Buonaparte family.

At home, he was old enough to remember the Declaration of Independence; to hear the first gun fired in the Revolution; to assist in the formation of a system of government for the more perfect union of the people, and has beheld the people increase from three to thirty millions; and, at his advanced years, administers the U. S. laws in his native State over a population of nearly nine hundred thousand.

Such a man is daily to be seen in our midst, frail of body and walking with feeble step, but remarkable for mind and spirits.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Dan Gregory.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Daniel Gregory, or rather Dan, as he was always called, was an only child of respectable parents, who by untiring industry and rigid economy, managed to lay by a petty sum yearly, saving it as they hoped for future usefulness. Dan was of course indulged as "only children" usually are; allowed to go to school when his own inclination prompted, or remain at home, and, as he was not particularly fond of study he was as often absent from his class as otherwise. Fishing and hunting were his greatest pastime and many a day when his parents supposed him at school, he was strolling the fields and trifling away the precious hours of youth. He grew up to manhood a stubborn specimen of young America, with no particular sphere of action, in fact, no regular course marked out; sometimes he was on the verge of studying law; again, he had the mercantile fever; then he thought of going to sea. Nevertheless, all these speculations centered into one grand resolution, viz. getting married, and marry he did at the age of twenty-one, after a short courtship, one of England's fair daughters. Dan's father was by no means pleased with the alliance his son had made; but he soon sickened and died leaving Dan his entire property, which did not exceed five or six thousand dollars. Now was the time as Dan thought for him to "spread," accordingly he purchased him a fine horse and carriage, and scarcely was he ever seen at home, consequently his farm was left untended and every thing connected with his premises was evidently going to destruction. His mother with all her economy and domestic skill, saw to her sorrow the accumulated savings of years of privation and toil, going to ruin, and it brought her down to the grave. A few months before her death she had a windfall of some ten thousand dollars, which of course was designed for Dan's children; but no will being made he took especial care that it should enrich his own purse, and while it lasted he determined to live. Thus for two years he led a pretty fast life; he drank, gambled, and "tripped the light fantastic toe" at midnight revels, while his wife, poor desolate woman, although unaccustomed to labor before she left her father's house, was striving to her utmost to clothe her children, for whom he so poorly provided. But never one reproach escaped her lips; her husband, one would suppose was the climax of perfection; she could not see his errors or at least would not acknowledge them. It might have been better had she seen them and chided him for them. Blessed with two lovely children, she strove to be content with her lot. But one day Dan told his wife he was penniless; that only through dishonest means could he retain the old homestead, and that was the course he meant to take. He took it, and his creditors could on-

ly groan beneath their losses. His uncle, a strictly honest man who had seen much of life's sorrows, was the greatest loser; he signed for quite an amount for his rascally nephew and by so doing was impoverished. May he, Dan Gregory, be a warning to young men; may they learn by the course he has taken that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Moreover, may he see the error of his ways and yet become a useful member of society.—This is the prayer of

A WORK ON MARRIAGE.

Marriage as it is and as it should be, is the title of a work written by the Rev. John Bayley, the author of the "Confession of a Converted Infidel," a book which has secured for its writer the esteem and affection of a very large circle of readers. Mr. Bayley's style is remarkable for its beautiful simplicity and perspicuity. The subject matter of his books is always interesting and instructive. Their pages evince the possession of a cultivated taste on the part of their author, and an extensive course of profitable and useful reading. Among the religious writers of the day we have found none with whom Mr. Bayley may not favorably compare.

His present work seems to have been entered upon *con amore*. Dedicating it to one who sustains towards him the most endearing relation of life, he has put forth all his efforts to make it an acceptable offering, and right proudly ought she to acknowledge the gift.

The subjects discussed are "The nature and importance of marriage," "Improper marriages a source of vice and misery," "Marrying for beauty," "Mercenary marriage," "The proper age for marriage," "Marrying religiously," "Second marriages," "The faithful husband," "The faithful wife," and "The duty of parents." If we were to begin making extracts from the volume under these several topics, we should not know where to stop. The catalogue discloses a variety of classes addressed. Each one is spoken to in terms adapted to its special circumstances and views. It is difficult to say which topic is most admirably handled. Yet we venture to commend the chapter on mercenary marriages as containing sentiments worthy of universal acceptance. But Mr. Bayley does not come up to our views on "Mercenary Marriages." We believe each man and woman who has wedded for money became then a chattel and surely a fool. We know that money is necessary for some things and many, but we don't think it should govern our feeling of friendship or love. "Marrying for Beauty," too, is another note-worthy dissertation on a fault—which, if it be fault—has a leaning to virtue's side. We confess to a weakness on the point—and for the sake of the future as well as the present, would deprecate an entire neglect of personal pulchritude in the selection of a partner. The patriarchs were not wholly oblivious of the distinction, and why should we be? Our author teaches many valuable lessons, in this section, which those who have the putting of his principles into practice will do well to heed. We are inclined to echo his opinions at least thus far, "that if men desire more in their partners than the outward adorning of plaining the hair and wearing of gold and putting on of apparel," they have it in their power to bring about a change by making different selections. With the males must rest the responsibility, if fashion shall continue to be the goddess of our houses and frivolity the leader in the dance.

"The proper age for marriage" was, we suppose, specially designed for the use of young ladies just from school. Fond mothers could probably spare the time to read it. It might possibly delay the contemplated trip to the mountains, in search of a husband, for a season or two; but the increased health and vigor of the daughter while remaining at home, under the maternal wing, would more than atone for the loss. We heartily commend the work to our readers, whether they are in search of amusement or instruction. They will find both in the pages of Mr. Bayley.

OUR HOMES—Genius hath its triumph, fame its glories, wealth its splendor, success its bright rewards, but the heart only bath its home. Home only? What more needeth the heart? What more can it gain! A true home is more than the world—more than honor, and pride, and fortune—more than all that earth can give: the light of the noontide sun may not yield, and yet the tiny flame of one pure beam of love enkindleth, and sympathy makes it burn forever. Home! how more than beautiful thou art! how like an untaught religion—a golden link between the soul and heaven, when the presence of a pure heart makes thee radiant, and the music of its affection floats like the chorals of unseen cherubim around thy tranquil hearth?

ANSWER to Charles of last week.—Bath the Guilford Court House.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.
One square (12 lines) first insertion \$1.00.
Each additional week 25cts. The following sample deductions will be made in favor of standing advertisements:
2 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 1 YEAR.
One square, \$3.00 \$5.00 \$8.00
Two squares, 6.00 10.00 14.00
Three " 9.00 15.00 20.00
Half column, 18.00 25.00 35.00
Professional and business cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum.....\$5.00

WALKER MOVEMENTS.—Gen. Walker seems resolved to pursue the Nicaragua Col. The Savannah News says, Col. W. J. Choice, of Atlanta, was in Chattanooga a few days since, recruiting troops for the Nicaraguan service. Twenty-five dollars per month and two hundred and fifty acres of land is offered for able bodied men. Col. Choice was commissioned by General Walker when he passed through Atlanta a short time since. And to this we may add, that Col. Lockridge, in a letter to the New Orleans Delta, in reply to charges made against him by Capt. Brantly, closes by saying, "that when Walker may wish to return to Nicaragua, he can procure all the men he wants in the State of Mississippi alone. I have just paid a flying visit to my old home in Yallahus county, and I find a warm interest in favor of the American cause of Central America—they believing it to be the only hope for the extension of Southern institutions on this continent." What the citizens of Nicaragua are doing may be gathered from the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, who makes the following statement:

"It is no less than a proposal from the heads of the Church, and several of the highest officers in the army of Nicaragua, for Gen. Walker to come back and place himself at the head of affairs. Such a messenger is here at Washington, and has brought with him papers of interest to the Government, as well as the project for the further command to Gen. Walker. The letter has seventeen signatures, and is addressed to His Excellency William Walker, President of the Republic of Nicaragua, and some of the names appended are the most influential in the State."

DRUNKENNESS.

What shall be done for the drunkard—and what shall be done to protect society from their outrages? Those who are waiting their parent's wealth, destroying their health, degrading their morals, and outraging every sense of propriety, will, or should in the course of nature, soon take our places in the busy scenes that mark our country's history; and what prospects are before them, their families and our country? What shall be done for them, and what for the protection of their families and society? The temperance reformers have been unsuccessful in reforming them to any great extent, and public sentiment seems to condemn their efforts as being unwise or injudicious. What, then, shall be done for the drunkard? In the absence of a better plan, I submit that they be treated as if insane—and they surely are so during the paroxysm, and often for many days after.

Let, then, the Legislature recognize drunkenness as insanity, and make provision, or authorize the several counties to make provision, for the drunkard to be put into a hospital, and be properly cared for, and his case treated by a skillful physician; and when restored to health and reason, let him, on paying the expense of his board and treatment, be restored to society; and, if not able to pay his board, let him work out the amount. By such a procedure, many who are now a curse to themselves, a terror to their families, and a pest and often an expense to society, would become useful and respectable citizens.

I should like to have the subject thought of by the people.

(In reply to the above correspondent, the Herald presents the following editorial. Though we do not agree with either in toto, yet we give all the points, respecting all the sides.)

In the last issue of this paper, a correspondent, who signs himself "Philo," has been considering how best the evil of intemperance in our midst can be put down or prevented; and has fallen upon a plan upon which he desires public comment and investigation. He has directly asked us for our opinion of the plan proposed, not, we suppose, on account of any weight or merit that an opinion of ours on this subject would possess, but for the purpose of provoking further inquiry and examination. His plan is for the Legislature to consider Drunkenness as insanity, and to authorize the erection of asylums in the different counties for the treatment of this unfortunate class of our citizens. The drunkard to receive the best medical attention while under the effect of strong drink, and to pay such costs and charges therefor as may be considered proper by those who have the management of these asylums in charge; and to be released when sober. Our correspondent thinks that this plan would be a beneficial one, and that by its operation many men might be restored as useful members of society, cured of the vice which so easily begets them—a vice destructive of all the moral, mental and physical qualities with which we are endowed.

We do not think the plan would do—

It might work well in some instances, but it would prove a dead letter in others. Moreover, we doubt its policy and almost its legality.

The question would arise, whether the Legislature has the right to so fetter the liberty of the citizen by confining him in what at best must be considered as a jail, for the mere violation of one of the laws of temperance? Would our correspondent have the Legislature to pass a law recognizing intemperance not only in the matter of drink, but in that of eating and of speech, as insanity; and for a breach of this law imprison all offenders? Has the Legislature the power to say what I shall drink, what I shall eat, wherewithal I shall be clothed, and what language I shall employ wherewith to express my ideas?

To be consistent, should not the Legislature undertake to reform all these things so soon as it enters upon the duties of a moral reformer? Where will this thing bring up if once it is started? To what ridiculous lengths must it not be carried? If consistency was observed, it would be ascertained that half the community was "insane," and the Doctor in charge of the Asylum would have an extensive practice. For he would have placed under his supervision not only those who dabble in strong drink, but many shining lights in the total abstinence cause, some of whom are more temperate and fanatical than those who yield to the poison of the bottle.

Again, what shall be considered Drunkenness in the eye of the proposed law? Is the young man who by accident at a convivial gathering has drunk sufficient to produce intoxication, because of his appearance in the street in this situation, to be arrested and carried off to an "asylum" and there confined until the effect of the wine has evaporated; while the old stager who makes a habit of swallowing his twenty or thirty glasses a day, without any visible effect in his action or conversation, to go unwhipped of justice? Is the latter less "insane" than the former? Is he who temporarily indulges in "the pleasures of the bottle" to be considered in the eye of the law more guilty, more abandoned, more lost to society, more "insane" in short, than the habitual toper who walks off carrying his load of spirits, because nature has given him a stronger head and the capacity to will to a greater extent than his more youthful companion? How will you regulate the different grades of intemperance or excess? How can you regulate them?

And, moreover, sinful reformer as you are, how dare you ask the Legislature to imprison me because of a weakness, an infirmity I possess, which you are happily exempt from; while at the same time my mind is as clear, my judgment as good, my heart as full of generous emotions as your own? I may be a better man than you in all respects save in the matter of drinking intoxicating beverage; yet I am to be imprisoned for my weakness, while your own errors and failings go uncorrected. Is, then, total abstinence the chief of all virtues? Is honor, integrity, talent nothing as compared to temperance?

A drunken man is to be considered as insane and placed in an asylum until he gets sober, when he is released again. And this course of treatment "Philo" seems to think would eventuate in rescuing many who are traveling that dark road of excess which leads to bankruptcy of soul and body. We fear that "Philo" is mistaken. In nine cases out of ten, the inmate of the asylum, when released, would come out with the sense of degradation on his brow. He would feel as a marked man—as one publicly convicted of a weakness bearing with it all the moral odium and consequences of a crime; and the tendency of all this would be to weaken the force of moral restraint, and to plunge him still again and again into deeper excesses.

The thing is utterly impracticable. The law would be impolitic, expensive and odious. We doubt, even should it be passed, whether it could or would be executed with anything like fairness or justice—to say nothing of the bitterness and ill feeling and litigation it would cause.

The world is not to be legislated into morality; and the experience of the age has proved that sumptuary laws, as such, when tried, have proved failures. We cannot force people to drink no ardent spirits. We cannot force them to be entirely honest, religious or good. It is folly to attempt it. It is the work of a higher power.

We trust in this candidly stating our views, very hurriedly and imperfectly, on this subject, that no one will accuse us of a lack of zeal in behalf of temperance. We look upon drunkenness as the great evil of the age—a vice having very fatal effects on the mind, the body and fortune of the person who is devoted to it. It is filling the land with sorrow, but we cannot eradicate it by the strong arm of the law.

AN INTERESTING CASE.—The Supreme Court of Georgia, at their late session in this city, had before them a suit brought by the American Colonization Society, Maryland, against Col. Lucius J. Gartrell, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of the late Francis Gideon, of DeKalb county.

The will gave all his slaves to the American Colonization Society, for the purpose of said Society sending them to Liberia, in Africa; and he bequeathed to his slaves a large sum of money, to be paid to them when they should start to Liberia; he also devised and gave to the Society several houses, city lots, lands, and a large number of shares of Railroad Stocks in trust for the negroes, to be divided among them, which directions would necessarily under the directions of the will, take place in Georgia.

This suit was brought to gain pos-

session of those negroes, and other property given to them.

The principal point of the case, in Court was the incompetency of the Colonization Society, by the terms of their own charter of incorporation, to sue in the Court of Georgia for the freedom of slaves. Judge Ball, of the Superior Court, had decided this point, adverse to the Colonization Society, and the decision of the Supreme Court affirms that of the Court below.—*Atlanta Intelligencer.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Mrs. Jameson's *Diary of an Exile*, and *Loves of the Poets*, two of the most graceful productions of that charming authoress, have been issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, in continuation of their new series of the works of that lady, announced in our last article. As there stated, the Characteristics of Woman formed the first volume of this elegant pocket series, and we are glad to see it so speedily followed by the publication of these two companionable volumes. Mrs. Jameson is deserving of her position among the great female intellects of the time. With a mind of unusual vigor, she has yet preserved the strong common sense—true womanly sense—to avoid the exaggerations and follies into which so many of her sex, in a similar position, have fallen. Her estimate of the female character is beautiful in the extreme—more like that held by a sincere member of the opposite sex than her own generally. For we hold that, after all, man better appreciates and values and honors woman, than woman does or can herself, in spite of the latter-day reformers. Two subjects, generally, form the themes upon which Mrs. Jameson's pen is exercised—the one we have just named which she has so beautifully illustrated in the "Characteristics," in the "Sisters of Charity," not issued in the pocket series, and the "Loves of the Poets;" and the other, the beautiful subject of Art, which she worships with all the enthusiasm of her nature. In whatever she writes she exhibits this wonderful attachment, and this is probably, with the strong common sense of her own nature, that has preserved her from extravagances and the restless, unwomanly feelings of others we have no need to name. The present beautiful edition of these two favorite volumes contrast strongly with others previously issued—that of the *Diary* especially with the edition of twenty years ago—and must command a large sale. The "Sketches of Art" will soon be added to the series.

To match the above, and the other "blue and gold" books of the same publishers, but more especially the two volumes of Longfellow's poetical works, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have recently issued the complete *Prose Works of Longfellow*, comprising *Outre-Mer*, or a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea; *Hyperion*, a Romance; *Kavanagh*, a Tale; and the collection of miscellaneous essays and criticisms published under the name of *Drift Wood*. We are glad to see these classical productions brought together in so neat and convenient a shape and at a price so nominal. The whole of Longfellow's works in prose are here published together for about the cost of one, and in a style of attractiveness and real beauty that would be singled out amid any dozen styles of modern book making, handsome as many of them are. It is not necessary to say one word in praise of such books as *Outre-Mer*, *Hyperion* or *Kavanagh*, excepting perchance to the new generation of readers just coming in to a love for books. *Outre-Mer* bears date twenty-four years back, and will be a rich treat to the many who know Longfellow only by his newer poetical offerings. Of course we, personally, incline toward the *Drift Wood* essays. We can never weary of Longfellow's genial criticism of Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*, his eloquent discussion of *Friethof's Saga*, or his treatise, for it is a treatise—in spite of its limited number of pages—on Anglo-Saxon Literature. It is a pity that his criticisms are not more numerous. His guidance through the paths of literature it is a rare pleasure to enjoy, though he could not be else than a pleasant guide while he gives the Boccacian critics, the crusty fellows, such raps as this:—"Some critics are like chimney-sweepers; they put out the fire below, and frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it." The whole secret of Longfellow's geniality is comprised in that expression. There is no doubt but these two exquisite little volumes will find their way into many a library that has heretofore been without its "Longfellow in Prose."

Ormond, or the Secret Witness and *Clara Howard, or the Enthusiasm of Love*, in one volume, brings to a conclusion the series of Charles Brockden Brown's novels we have already so often alluded to. "Few writers of fictitious narrative can be pronounced equal to Mr. Brown in the analysis of the thoughts and emotions of the soul, in exquisite skill in the arrangement and development of incidents, and in accuracy, extent, and variety of knowledge." The six volumes we have noticed from time to time, comprising "Wieland," "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntly," "Jane Talbot," "Ormond," and "Clara Howard," form a series of the most original, powerful, and masterly works of fiction of which American literature in the days of their author could, or perhaps now can, boast. "They are indeed remarkable productions; once read the impression they leave is never forgotten." No A-

merican library, as we have before remarked, pretending to the display of American letters, can be complete without the works of Brockden Brown; and in no other form is it possible to obtain them than in that published by M. Pollock Esq., Philadelphia. We trust that their success has been such as will induce Mr. Pollock to continue their publication with some of Brown's important political and miscellaneous tracts. His "General Geography," "Rome during the Age of the Antonines," the historical part of the American Register, and the Literary papers in the same publication, with the papers on Commercial Restrictions, Cession of Louisiana and France, etc., might be advantageously added to the volumes already published. Their success would certainly be great.

Essays in Biography and Criticism, by Peter Bayne, M. A., author of the "Christian Life, social and individual," etc.;—Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Publishers, Boston. This work which we announced as in press, a few months since, has just appeared. Its contents thoroughly confirm the opinion then expressed that it would include in its pages a number of essays that would rank among the most classical productions of the kind in the English language. Mr. Bayne has a clear and expressive manner of conveying his thoughts on literature and men; and his opinions generally are striking, logical and correct. Especially are we pleased with his essays on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Hugh Miller. The great Scotsman has an intelligent and appreciative critic in his brother Scot. Hear him:—"What Hugh Miller is and has he owes entirely to himself. In the first deliberate planting of his heavy step; in the quiet, wide-open determination of his eye; in the unagitated, unaffected, self-relying dignity of his whole gait and deportment, you behold the man who feels that, whatever his origin, he may, without pride or presumption, measure himself by the standard of his manhood, and so look every man, of what station soever, in the face." This is beautiful writing; and passages of similar eloquence may be found on every page. It was fitting that the publishers of the great Scotchmen, Hugh Miller, Buchanan, Chambers, etc., should have the care of a man like Bayne. A second and concluding volume will speedily follow the present.

The September number of *Russell's Southern Monthly Magazine* is fully up to the expectations which the excellence of the preceding numbers has fostered. The requirements we exact of it from month to month are growing, but in every case it meets them fairly. "Estocout" is continued, and rapidly grows in interest. We hesitate not now in naming this serial, the most interesting at present running through an American Magazine. "Russell" was fortunate in securing so capital a novel at the start. The sweet little poem in a late number, entitled "Love's Logic," is blooming in "Poets' Corners" in every paper in the country, from Maine to Mexico. The name of Henry Timrod has got attached to it as the author. Southern people who will patronize a Northern magazine, in preference to this, deserve to be choked.

Another of Fied. Gerstaecker's capital stories, entitled *The Feathered Arrow*, is in the press of Robt. M. De Witt, Esq., New York.

Charles Read's new novel "White Lies," now publishing in parts by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, we shall take occasion to speak of in our next.

CHARLOTTE FEMALE COLLEGE.—We are pleased to learn the Trustees have secured the services of the Rev. M. Burwell, of Hillsboro', to take charge of the Female College in this place. He contemplates opening the College for the reception of pupils about the middle of October. Mr. Burwell has conducted a female school at Hillsboro' for 20 years past, and has earned a high reputation as a competent instructor. From what we know of the gentleman by reputation, we congratulate the friends of the institution at their success in selecting him as Principal.

Facilities for educating young ladies in Charlotte will soon be offered of a superior kind, and we hope the citizens of the section will take advantage by governing themselves accordingly.

Charlotte Democrat.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—The War Department has sent out orders to the following troops to put themselves en route for Kansas: Ten companies of the 1st Cavalry, under command of Col. Sumner and Lieutenant Colonel Johnson; seven companies of the 6th Infantry, under the same command; ten companies of the 4th Artillery, from Florida; two companies of the 2d Artillery, from Fort Monroe; one light battery company from Fort McHenry; which, if the average strength of the companies be sixty, will give a force of upwards of two thousand men. General Harney will remain in command of Kansas. Col. Albert S. Johnson, late from Texas, has been assigned to the command of troops to Utah.

A CASE FOR THE FACULTY.—According to our alarmists, the case of Capt. Simpkins, of the brig Governor Anderson, lying in our bay during the past week, is worthy of notice. On Monday last the Captain was down with yellow fever; on Tuesday he was attacked with Asiatic cholera; on Wednesday he was dangerously ill with small pox, and on Thursday he transacted business in this city, and prepared his vessel for sea.—*Tampa (Fla.) Peninsular.*

VISIT TO THE PILOT.
One gloomy morning in the month of July, a party of four (young men, of course), starts for the Pilot. Just as night came on, we arrived at our destination, and in time to view from our Hotel, the storming twining fiery wreaths around the brow of the lofty pinnacle, and hear the deep mutterings of the thunder's wrath, wreaking in trepidation at its base.

It was to the beholder, a terrific, awful scene. The dark frontlet of the cloud wrapped its folds of maddened fury about this mighty structure of nature; and sentinels of living fire, in mystic dance, and threatening vengeance, hurried on the deep-toned artillery in the rear; but the dark bosom of the storm emptied its pent-up fury upon that rock-built summit in vain. And when the storm's force had been spent, and the dark cloud passed on to find a more pregnable fortress, the moon revealed the towering column still erect in the immovableness of its own everlasting foundation.

After meeting with an old "acquaintance," whose proclivities for the Indian's "frowner" somewhat exceeded the bounds of moderation, and whose thirst next morning was almost insatiable, we retired to our couches to enjoy the hospitalities of old *Somnus* in the mountains. And while wandering through the brilliant and dazzling halls of our host—wrapped in the embrace of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"—and where all things conspired to make us happy, we felt our hearts—strung "touched by unseen fingers," and in a moment we were transported to the bosoms we loved. A happy meeting! Such as trills the heart when loved ones meet, and the "rosy-fingered hours" fly too fast away. But this sweet transition from life's real vicissitudes to the festooned bowers of dream-land's sunny home, was destined, as are all our pleasures, to be of short duration; and we soon learned to realize the truthfulness of the assertion: "A dream is nothing but a dream."

Early next morning we were up, refreshed and invigorated, and, with buoyant hearts, hurried on to behold, from the pinnacle, the sun unfolding its rising splendor to the view. But with all our haste and overexertion, we were too late. One impenetrable fog obstructed the view. But the dense fog, as seen from the pinnacle, richly compensated our disappointment in seeing "the sun rise."

Like one vast ocean of impenetrable waters, interspersed here and there with gleams of light, now calm and still, now thrown by the wind into whirling billows. Like beautiful green islands, dotted the lake's calm, untroubled bosom, seemingly moved by the zephyr's gentle breath, and again resting in the sweet bill of nature's tranquility, might be seen hills and small mountains, like sweet dreams, pellicled with enchanting prospects, in a night of gloom, peering their beautiful foliage above the mists, and through which ever and anon the sun's light penetrated, forming and presenting a scene beautifully sublime, and far beyond man's descriptive powers. To attempt to give an idea of such a panorama, is in vain.

The mind may wander through diamond-decked palaces of light, bask in the realms where proud spirits soar, and the soul may be carried away upon the low, sweet murmur of harp-strings, struck by the hand of immortal songsters, but such a scene of earth's grandeur and magnificence, presented to the eye from the lofty and stupendous summit of the Pilot's rock-built pinnacle, is enough for a spirit, entranced by the corruptions of mortality, to drink in at once.

Such scenes, undoubtedly, have a tendency of infusing the mind with a higher and nobler appreciation of Him whose own arm of might created them. And as we gaze upon such scenes, widening from the earth's utmost verge to the far-off zenith in the heavens, and, in imagination, look down from the limitless fields of ether upon this beautiful orb of ours, we wonder, with all these nice adaptations to his wants, how can man be ungrateful, unmindful, and willfully neglectful of Him who spoke him into life.

NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA RAILROAD CONNECTION.—We see that some of our contemporaries of the North Carolina press, are still discussing the policy of a railroad from High Point to the Virginia line, with the presumption that Virginia would extend it thence to Lynchburg. We think it is obvious to any one, at all acquainted with the different routes and experienced in railroad enterprises, that if a railroad connection is ever to be made between Virginia and North Carolina, it will be none other than the Danville and Greensboro' connection. From High Point to the Virginia line, the distance is 45 miles; from the Virginia line to Lynchburg, say 90 miles—making in all 135 miles of railroad to be built, before a continuous and unbroken thoroughfare from Boston to New Orleans, can be completed. The distance from Danville to Greensboro' is only 60 miles. Connect these places with a railroad, and we have also a continuous line from Boston to New Orleans, by way of Richmond instead of Lynchburg. In the one case Virginia would have to build 90 miles of railroad, in the other case she would be put to a very light outlay. The counties of Henry, Patrick, Rockingham, &c., need outlets to the city markets, but they can be most easily reached by a road running from Danville westward, which may connect at some point, with the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Such a road would afford facilities to a far richer and greater extent of country, than one from Lynchburg to the Carolina line.—*Danville Register.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

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ANNALS OF SOUTHERN METHODISM, 1856.
Deems' for sale by
J. E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

LAST NOTICE.
ALL BONDS AND ACCOUNTS due Rankin & McLean, and not satisfactorily arranged by the 15 day of October next, will be placed in the proper officers hands for collection. Let all who are interested attend, without delay, to this notice and save cost and trouble.
JED. H. LINDSAY, Trustee,
86—St. For Rankin & McLean.

A CARD.—The undersigned having had considerable experience in Literary affairs, and being extensively known as a writer, would offer his services to all those in want of LITERARY AID. He will write Oration, Essays, Acrostics, attend to Private Correspondence, furnish Obituaries, Lines for Albums, and Poetry upon any subject wished for. The strictest secrecy maintained.
Address, (post paid),
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A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
JULY 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

A New Book.
The old North Star in 1776; See if it is the same as the one in the hands of the old men. For sale by
J. E. W. OGBURN.
Text Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by
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THE REVISED CODE.
COPIES received and for sale.
J. E. W. OGBURN.

5,000 BUSHELS WHEAT wanted by J. F. GARRETT.—Bring on your samples. Aug. 1857.

EDGEWORTH FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next Session of this Institution will commence on Monday, August 24, 1857. For admission apply to
RICHARD STERLING,
Greensboro, N. C. (81-6w) Principal.

214 MINUTE CHURNS.
A NOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
Raleigh, N. C. (37-1w)

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July, 1856.
Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and Light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Seyble Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,
Sinclair's French Burr and Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, and Grain and Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes.
Sinclair's Little Champion, &c., &c.
Leavitt's improved Young Crushers.
America.
McGregory's Agricultural Belters, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
Raleigh, N. C. (27-1w)

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COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.
No. 1 \$26.18 No. 27 \$26.80 No. 55 \$34.00
2 24.48 28 40.48 54 32.20
3 25.86 29 42.56 55 37.74
4 25.84 30 41.14 56 30.40
5 44.54 31 29.58 57 30.44
6 32.30 32 31.62 58 21.08
7 27.50 33 32.02 59 35.70
8 28.56 34 47.68 60 24.14
9 29.56 35 19.72 61 23.46
10 26.52 36 48.62 62 21.42
11 23.80 37 36.72 63 24.44
12 23.80 38 58.48 64 20.40
13 17.68 39 10.88 65 22.80
14 29.56 40 19.72 66 23.46
15 23.46 41 21.22 67 23.12
16 34.68 42 39.78 68 24.14
17 24.82 43 27.20 69 9.52
18 25.00 44 17.68 70 13.60
19 30.60 45 24.48 71 18.76
20 7.48 46 29.24 72 18.02
21 25.50 47 23.12 73 17.68
22 31.96 48 24.54 74 28.86
23 26.24 49 16.92 75 25.16
24 26.72 50 44.54 76 15.64
25 22.44 51 14.62
26 27.54 52 28.56
84. J. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Supt.

COACH & COPELAND VARNISH.
White Lead, dry and in oil; Putty in cans, and Glass assorted sizes, just received and for sale at the cash store of
JUNE 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

WALDRON'S GRASS & CRADLING Scythes, Hay & Mower Forks of the best quality for sale at cash prices by
JUNE 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensboro' and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner. They are fully qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty. The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years. They have furnished their Operating Rooms (on Market Street two doors above the Blind House) in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-ly.

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Frising and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as the sun. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.
All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.
Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44-1w)

ANNALS OF SOUTHERN METHODISM, 1856.
Deems' for sale by
J. E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

LAST NOTICE.
ALL BONDS AND ACCOUNTS due Rankin & McLean, and not satisfactorily arranged by the 15 day of October next, will be placed in the proper officers hands for collection. Let all who are interested attend, without delay, to this notice and save cost and trouble.
JED. H. LINDSAY, Trustee,
86—St. For Rankin & McLean.

A CARD.—The undersigned having had considerable experience in Literary affairs, and being extensively known as a writer

THE TIMES
Published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.
Editors:
S. W. DUBBIS, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.
Corresponding Editors:
R. G. STAPLER, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM K. HURTER, South Carolina.
GREENSBORO, N. C.
THURSDAY, SEP. 10, 1887.

Positive Arrangement.
Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

NOTICE!
Last week we gave a special notice to all persons having books belonging to this office to return the same immediately. We have perhaps something under a hundred volumes out, and not a single one has been returned. A compliance with this request will be a special favor to us.

OUR NEW COURT HOUSE.
It affords us much pleasure to learn that Messrs. McKnight, Houston & Collier, of Greensboro, were the successful bidders for the job to build the new Court House of Guilford. We know of no men more worthy, and what is of interest to the public, who will prosecute the work with as much energy and beauty of workmanship. They generally complete their work in the time occupied by some workmen in doing the foundation. Then let us congratulate the citizens of Guilford for the good prospect of soon having a respectable Court House, an honor to the County and an ornament to the town.

The contract was closed, we understand, at the sum of \$17,383; and the work will commence in a few weeks.

THE GREENE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.—We wish to call the attention of our citizens to this subject once more. The responses to the propositions heretofore made give evidence of success to the undertaking.

Remember that Friday night, 18th inst., is the time appointed for organizing. It is important that we begin a right, and we hope, therefore, a full attendance will be given by those who have taken or expect to take an interest in the Association.

Think and talk about the matter, and be ready to act when the time comes.

GUILFORD EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.
The friends of education in Guilford county have appointed a day to organize a County Educational Association, subordinate to the State Association. This is an important move and we are glad it is thus early taken.

The meeting will be held in the Common School house in this place on the second Saturday in October. It is hoped that every teacher in the county whether in Common School, Academy or College will be present, and all other persons interested in the cause of Education. By system much labor is saved, and if the general good of the cause of education is to be benefited by these meetings, it will result much from their systematizing influence.

We hope therefore the time and trouble will not be considered as thrown away, and that a very full attendance may be had from all over the county. Let every school district be represented by the teacher, the committee or the friends of the cause. Much important business will necessarily come before the Association before it can be properly organized. The second Saturday, the 10th October.

THE PORK MARKET.—Speculators in the Pork Market are beginning to agitate the subject. In an exchange of last week it was stated that hogs were selling in Cincinnati at six and seven dollars per hundred. This is much higher than usual, but may be owing greatly to the increased facilities for transporting to market. In this case the price will not be effected outside the Western market. And this we are inclined to believe from the following intelligence from Kentucky:

KENTUCKY PORK.—The Auditor of the State of Kentucky has received returns from forty-eight counties of the number of hogs assessed, by which it appears there is an excess of 128,000 over the previous year. This includes a little more than half the State.

THE RAIL ROAD CAR is the title of a little sheet just commenced at Germantown, N. C., by G. M. Bacon. If well supported, the Car may be a vehicle of some importance to the citizens of Germantown, and the surrounding country. So "give the blind man a change."

A TIMELY MOVE.—The citizens of Greensboro are making a most commendable move as an aid in suppressing intemperance in our midst. Within the last few years, the evil has made great inroads all over the country, and our town is not exempt. And more especially are our young men becoming the victims of the fascinating influence of the sparkling cup. It is a debatable question whether more liquor is drunk now than formerly, but there is no question as to its fatality. How quick the flush face, the red nose, the debilitated body, the rheumatic affections follow upon the first night revel. The arsenic, the strychnine soon tell their own tale.

The Sons of Temperance have done much, but there is with some a prejudice against the Order, or a want of disposition to operate with them; yet they see the devastating effects of intemperance and are anxious to do something in their way for its suppression. All men cannot be reached by the Division, and therefore an outside movement is demanded and is commendable.

In furtherance of their efforts, the citizens of the town have concluded to hold monthly public temperance meetings, on which occasions addresses will be delivered intended to have a moral and persuasive influence both upon the vender and the drinker.

The first of these public meetings will be held on Monday night, 21st inst., and it is earnestly hoped that every gentleman and lady in the place may attend. It matters not whether you are with or against the spirit of the movement, come! It will do no harm to hear what is to be said on the occasion. If it be good, receive it; if it be evil, cast it away.

The committee of arrangement has secured the services of the Rev. N. F. Reid for the first address; and that all, both from the town and the schools, may be accommodated, they have also secured the Methodist church in which to hold this meeting.

HORRIBLE EXPLOSION.
The boiler of the Buffalo Steam Mills, between Salem and Germantown, exploded on Tuesday last inst., killing five men and wounding others. The Mills belonged to Messrs. Golding & Wallace, the latter being one of the killed. The accident was caused by carelessness, the engineer permitting the boiler to become nearly dry and then suddenly filling with water. To give some idea of the immense power of the steam, the larger portion of the boiler, weighing several thousand pounds, was thrown some seventy yards and striking a tree, about eighteen inches in diameter, by the sudden stroke broke off the top some thirty feet from the ground and shivered the entire remaining body.

It was this portion of the boiler that struck Mr. Wallace and a gentleman with whom he was talking. It is said at least a quart of brains was found in the end of the boiler. The scene which was presented after the explosion exceeds all description. It was awful indeed. The *Rail Road Car*, published in Germantown, says:

Immediately on the announcement of the accident many of the citizens rushed to the place where the disaster occurred, and oh! what a soul-chilling and heart-sickening spectacle did they behold? Here lay an arm!—there a leg!—here a head!—yonder a heart! The earth and trees around being literally painted with human gore! Four fellow-beings having been dashed into eternity without a moment's warning.

Upon further examination the bodies were found to be those of John R. Wallace, one of the owners of the Mill, Bethel Powers, Gabriel Jones and Abner Pryor.

Mr. Wallace was a young man, some 25 years of age; was lately from the City of Richmond, Va., and by his industry and upright deportment, was making many friends in our community. The others were all men of family, and their loss will no doubt be severely felt.

Two other men, James Tally and John Brown, were near the boiler at the time of the explosion; and made a most miraculous escape. Mr. Tally is considerably bruised and somewhat scalded, but his physicians think he will recover. Mr. Brown is but slightly scalded.

The saw mill is a total loss. It cost some \$3,000, and no insurance.

Mr. Tally has since died.

APPOINTMENTS: His Excellency Governor Bragg has conferred on T. W. Upshur, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., the appointment of Commissioner of Deeds and other writing to be used in the Courts of this State. Mr. Upshur is one of our contributors and we take him to be a very worthy young man. We are pleased with the appointment.

The Post-office Department has appointed James B. McDade route agent on the North Carolina Railroad, from Goldsboro' to Charlotte.

THE REVIVAL noticed last week, is still progressing. Up to Tuesday night 46 persons had made a profession, the most of whom we believe are young ladies connected with the Greensboro Female College. The pastor in charge, Rev. Mr. Reid, has been assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Jones, Bethel and Gunn. We have never witnessed a revival in which there were more faithful, able and feeling sermons.

The Coal Fields.
We find in the Charleston papers a letter from Maurice Q. Waddell, Esq., of Pittsboro, assigning reasons why the committee previously appointed to visit Charleston on behalf of the Cheraw and Coal Fields road have not done so. Mr. Waddell intimates that the committee will make their visit as above during October. As Mr. Waddell's letter contains information of interest we copy the material parts of it:

"You say in your article 'other schemes are spoken of, other routes suggested, other interests at work against us.' How this is, we are uninformed, but of one thing we are sure, there is no other charter granted by North Carolina and no other will be. No other route can be selected, because the charter provides for this one and this alone. No shorter distance between Cheraw and the Coal Fields of North Carolina can be found. No other Company is to work. We have the start of the world. Books have been opened along the line already, and also in Charleston, by which a considerable sum has been obtained, a survey of the route has been made accurate enough for all practical purposes. The North Eastern Road will soon be completed to Cheraw. It is only 65 miles from that point to the coal beds. It is estimated that \$1,200,000 will build the Road.

The coal is in great abundance and fresh discoveries almost daily made, hitherto unknown. On yesterday I visited the coal formation at the Fosshee property purchased by Messrs. Stewart, Daucus & Co., of New York, at the price of \$35,000, containing 640 acres, only ten miles from Cartage, and found there an enterprising mining engineer engaged in opening a slope 8 feet wide, cutting 54 feet vein of coal of the richest bituminous character. He has also recently discovered a heavy bed of Anthracite upon the Wilcox property. It is now believed that our Rail Road will touch the coal South-West of Cartage before it reaches that place, as recent discoveries indicate the presence of coal at or near Martin's old Store, where tradition furnishes evidence of the existence of coal more than forty years ago. If this be true (and there is nothing to cause doubt on the subject), our freight trains may be supplied with coal 20 miles nearer Cheraw than was at first anticipated.

Upon the river, mines have been to some extent opened. The Egypt, the Taylor, the Gulf, Fosshee, the Murchison, the Brigham and other mines have all more or less been developed, and are awaiting the opening of Deep River to the Cape Fear. The small pace at which this work progresses, has in a measure disheartened its advocates. Whilst this work is going on, however, and the railroad from Fayetteville to the Coal Fields is struggling for existence, those interested in the Cheraw Road must remember that the sources of wealth from this region are not and cannot be exclusively appropriated by the two improvements adverted to. There is enough for all, and many other roads might be constructed without exhausting the mineral wealth of North Carolina."

A SWEET PRESENT.—Our Old friend Westbrook, of the West Greene Nursery, has again remembered us kindly and treated to a bottle of syrup, pressed from the Chinese sugar cane. It goes finely as a table desert. Mr. W. has about two acres of the cane in fine growth and intends, for the convenience of the farming community, to save the seed from his entire crop. This plant is something new on this side of the Atlantic, but the results of its cultivation has in many instances proved highly satisfactory. It presents an immense mass of vegetation yielding more than any of our native products. It somewhat resembles broom-corn in appearance, and a number of stalks rise from the single seed. The cane when chewed is sweet as the ordinary sugar cane. It yields great quantities of molasses, and as food for cattle, it cannot be surpassed. The juice of the plant is said to furnish sugar, alcohol, and a fermented drink analogous to cider or champagne. The article is said to make "frustrate" whiskey without the use of strychnine.

THE DEATH OF EUGENE SUE.—The *Moniteur Savoisien*, of August 4th, has a long account of the death of Eugene Sue, which took place on the preceding day at his residence, the Barrattes, near Annecy. He was ill only thirty three hours. At first he was attacked with neuralgia, which was followed by fever and occasional delirium. Afterwards there was a partial paralysis, which deprived him of speech and apparently consciousness. Among the last words he uttered, while he had strength and consciousness, were: "I shall die, as I have lived, a free thinker," laying special emphasis on the last words. This was a fitting termination for such a life as his.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE. John Young, a young man of Halifax Court House, Va., committed suicide on Tuesday, the 25th ult., by shooting himself with a shot gun, tearing off the side of his head. He was an only child.—*Danville Register*.

Hon. Edward Everett has been invited to deliver his address at the Alabama Agricultural Society.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
A peculiarly intimate relationship is getting up between these heretofore rival governments. Previous to the Queen's visit to France last year, a sovereign of England had not paid a similar visit for 300 years. But it seems that Louis Napoleon and Queen Victoria are determined to dissipate all former rivalries and prejudices, and each vie with the other in making visits most frequent. It was only last week that we announced the visit of the Emperor to the Queen, and now we give the return call. What is on the tapis?

PARIS, Aug. 19.—The Queen of England arrived yesterday morning in the royal yacht in sight of Cherbourg, and was saluted by the batteries of the coast. In the expectation that Her Majesty's excursion might extend as far as Havre, orders were given to have measures taken to salute Her Majesty; and two detachments of artillerymen were posted, one on the Place and the other on the Southern Battery, where they remained the greater part of the afternoon without their services being called into requisition. Pilots were also directed to proceed out into the roadstead in case the royal yacht might require any assistance.

The Emperor and Empress and the Prince Imperial arrived at Bayonne yesterday morning at half past ten o'clock, and were received with the most enthusiastic acclamations. Although the imperial party had expressed a desire to travel incognito, several triumphal arches had been erected in the town, and an immense crowd was assembled in the streets to welcome their Majesties; where, after a short pause, proceeded to Biarritz, where they arrived a little before 11 o'clock in excellent health. A special train had arrived some hours before at Bayonne, with six carriages and 20 horses for the service of their Majesties.

GOVERNMENTAL ITEMS.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The Treasury Department has just paid between two and three hundred thousand dollars to the State of Maryland, as the interest on the \$500,000 to which the United States became indebted to the State during the war of 1812. The principal was discharged between the years 1818 and 1822.

The Secretary of the Interior has instructed the marshal of Minnesota to take the census of the territory whenever he is informed that it is the wish of the people to form a constitution and State government preparatory to admission into the Union.

Captain Hudson, commanding the U. S. steamer Niagara, in communicating to the Navy Department the particulars in regard to the accident to the telegraph cable, says he has every reason to believe, from what he has thus far been experienced in wire-fishing, that, under ordinary circumstances of weather and with machinery adapted to the purpose—for such as they had on board requires altering and improving—the cable may be laid in safety on the track marked for it in the Atlantic ocean. He says that at the time the cable parted, the company's chief engineer, Charles T. Bright, and his men were attending their brakes to lessen the speed of the cable until it was finally carried away, which made all hands throughout the day like a household or family which had lost their dearest friend, for the officers and men had become deeply interested in the success of the enterprise.

Wilhelm Döckel has been recognized by the President as Consul for the Grand Duchedon of Hesse Darmstadt for Maryland and North and South Carolina to reside in Baltimore.

THE DUEL.—Several of the North Carolina papers have lately hinted at a duel on the tapis between Mr. Wightman, of the Fayetteville *Carolinian*, and Henry E. Colton, of the Asheville *Spectator*. Several processes were out for the arrest of the parties, but the officers failed to come up with them. Mr. Colton, we believe, was in Spartanburg on Tuesday week, from whence he went to Saluda Gap, where the meeting was arranged. The presence there of sheriffs from both North and South Carolina facilitated the efforts of friends for the adjustment of the differences, which was happily effected. The basis of the adjustment will appear in the Asheville *Spectator* of this week.—*Carolina Spartan*.

The *Spectator* has come to hand, and contains the adjustment alluded to. Drs. J. F. E. Hardy, M. L. Hinkle, and Wm. K. Blake, Esq., acted by consent of the respective friends of the principals, and submitted the following as the terms of settlement, which were approved:

1. Challenge withdrawn temporarily.
2. Mr. Colton withdraws all personally abusive matter to Mr. Wightman in his article appearing in the *Spectator* of July 9th, 1887.
3. In consideration of the above withdrawal, Mr. Wightman withdraws all personally abusive matter to Mr. Colton in an article appearing in the *Carolinian* of July 18th, 1887.
4. Mr. Colton then withdraws his article of July 30th, 1887.

JAS. LOVE HENRY.
For Henry E. Colton.
M. J. McJUFFIE.
For W. F. Wightman.

The receipts of wheat in the city of Augusta, Ga., for the month of August, were upwards of 500,000 bushels.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.
W. O. R.: Much obliged for your article on dancing. Doubt not it is in season, and hope it may accomplish much good.M. W. J., of N. H.: Sorry we have not the extra numbers for which you write. We print a large supply every week, but the demand for "Sweet Fern Spring" was so great all are exhausted.Mrs. M. H., of Vt.: Certainly we will give you a welcome, and you shall be heard.—Speak and fear not.Miss ANNA M. BATES: What a shower you have rained upon us—not of hail, but of your sacred poetry, with its smooth, beautiful lines and sweet accents. And more than this, there is not only the beauty that pleases, but the poetic essence breathing in every line, that charms, excites and moves the soul.—What a shower!T. W. U.: Please read our Editorial head and see "The Times," published in Greensboro, not Goldsboro. Your letters are always kindly forwarded, but perhaps could come more direct. We will attend to your request, if possible, with pleasure.C. M. sends several contributions, for which we are much obliged, and writes, just after reading his first copy of the *Times*—"There are not words enough in Webster's Unabridged" to express my admiration of the Times! If Southern star-writers do not now obey the Muses' injunction ("Look into thy heart and write") it will not be your fault. Boston works to which I have mainly contributed, at intervals for some years past, must print for the future other articles than mine. Enclosed please have some original Sonnets. I intend sending you some Odes and Poems from time to time. If any should be unable to bear severe criticism, insert them not. The Literature of the South and particularly of North Carolina, is at stake in the Times' columns. I am much pleased to see Willie E. Pabor's name among your contributors, he has a fine genius. Are you acquainted with my good friend Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Hartford, Conn.? She is the most eminent female writer of Poetry in America, in my opinion. Every letter of her verse contains a thought. You will oblige me much by sending her a copy of the *Times*. We hope this letter may be its own apology for the insertion, and that the writer may feel half of what he says, and every body else in the State half as much as that.

Form the N. C. Christian Advocate.

A MEMOIR.
Died August 16th, 1887 Miss Jennie P. Little, the only daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Little, of Richmond, N. C.

She was trained from early life to reverence the Holy Scriptures, and regard them as being truly, the word of God. Being religiously educated, she early gave her heart to God. In the summer of 1843 she united herself in Christian fellowship with the Methodist Episcopal Church; being then but a few months more than ten years of age. And, although she was somewhat fearful on account of having taken this position, yet she afterwards found the course taken by her, to be of great benefit, as it threw around her life only good guards by which she was protected, but also, which to her in her youth were exceedingly valuable.

Her attachment to the Church of her choice was ardent and constant. During the fourteen years of her connection with the Church, she was uniform in her religious deportment; and ever evinced an interest deep and abiding, in the prosperity and success of the Church of her choice. She loved the church, and fully believed and received her doctrines and usages.

During her connection with the Church, she was entered as a student of the Edgeworth School, Greensboro, N. C., where she continued some time. After her return to her home she gave evidence of an abiding and consistent christian character. She possessed naturally a good, strong mind, and this was greatly improved by education, while at school, and reading subsequently, in her retired moments at home.

On Monday the 10th, she, in company with her brother, F. Little, started on a journey to visit several places in the North; they reached Wadesboro' that day; she complained considerably of fever and sickness, a physician was called in, who advised her return to her home; which accordingly was attended to. She did not seem to be dangerously ill until the 16th in the morning, when she suddenly experienced a change for the worse. Being now settled in her own mind, that she could not recover, she made such arrangements as she desired; gave directions concerning her burial, and closed in this regard all her earthly matters. Her mind all the while being free, clear and collected.

Worldly matters being disposed of, she gave her mind and heart to the contemplation of heavenly things. During the remainder of the day, even until her very last moment, her mind was calm, quiet and undisturbed. She felt evidently that she was dying, she remarked to those around her bed, "This is not what I thought death would be." "I had often feared that I would not be able to meet death with firmness, but now I am unshaken." She called her friends who were present, around her bed-side, and told them one by one, "to walk uprightly, and meet her in heaven." She also spoke kindly and affectionately to the servants, desiring them to meet her above.

She desired, (so she expressed it), "that her death" (being so sudden), "might be a warning to all." "That there was nothing so uncertain as to-morrow." Said to her brother who was present, "Tell Mr. Doubt good-bye, and that she died in the full belief of the gospel." Requested her brother to tell her friends, many of whom were her school-mates, "to walk uprightly and meet her in heaven." Much more of a similar nature she uttered. Her mind, meanwhile, was perfectly composed and tranquil, clear and serene.

She repeated the following words with great emphasis: "Oh! death, where is thy sting. Oh! grave, where is thy victory." "Here Lord, I give myself away," and frequently said, "I am ready to go, and I am ready to go." "Why her stay was prolonged?" but would remark "I will not mine, oh! God, be done." Desired her friends not to "grieve for her, she would soon be in the presence of her happy home, and would be unalloyed and endless." A friend remarked that her "very last moments were as calm as an infant's slumbers."

"Greenwood Cemetery, N. Y.," she thought was a most lovely place, but would soon be at a place far more beautiful.

She was born January 14th 1833, died August 16th, 1887, and resided her life at Wadesboro', which she might be buried on the Sabbath; this was accomplished just as the sun darted his last ray of light to the Eastern horizon. Oh! may her soul yet triumphantly be the means of prompting her mother and brothers to a full and complete imitation of her many christian virtues.

PETER DOUB.
Rockingham, Aug. 18th, 1887.

MARRIED.
In Wake county, on Thursday evening last, the 20th inst., by Rev. Thos. G. Whitaker, Mr. JOHN N. BUNTING, editor of the Live Graft, to Miss LOUISA S., only daughter of Thos. A. Crowder, Esq., all of Wake county.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.
WHEREAS, by reason of a sad dispensation of Divine Providence, our beloved brother JOHN R. WALLACE, has met with a sudden and untimely death. Therefore, Resolved,
1st, That we bow with humble submission to the decrees of the Providence of God, and that we feel truly impressed with the importance of being always ready in that our brother was cut off in the vigor of manhood, without a moment's warning.
Resolved, 2nd, That this Division deeply sympathize with the friends and relatives of the deceased in their bereavement.
Resolved, 3d, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for 30 days, and that the Division Room be draped in mourning for the same space of time.
Resolved, 4th, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased brother, and also, that a copy be sent to the Rail Road Car, Spirit of the Age, Greensboro Times, and Winston papers with the request that they insert one line.

J. B. BOBBITT, Committee.
I. H. NELSON,
J. B. KINGSBURY,
Germantown, Sept. 3.

LISHA KENT KANE. A BIOGRAPHY.
By William Elder.
In announcing the LIFE OF DR. KANE, we are not anticipating the wishes of thousands and tens of thousands of the admirers of that great man.
Having been a personal friend of the deceased, and enjoying in large measure his confidence, Dr. Elder is well qualified to do justice to the subject.

This work will be issued in one handsome octavo volume, and will contain every respect to the "Arctic Explorations," recently published. It will contain a new full-face portrait, executed on steel, as well as engravings of his residence, tomb, medals, &c. In order to give this work a large circulation it will be sold at the low price of \$1.50.

More than \$300,000 sold within 9 mos.
DR. KANE'S GREAT WORK, ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS, is now being read by more than two hundred thousand persons, old and young, learned and unlearned. It is just the book which should be owned and read by every American. One hundred copies of each of the most remarkable and marvelous work ever published. The Foreign Journals and the most distinguished savants of Europe are extravagant in its praise.

It is more interesting than Robinson Crusoe, being a faithful account of privations and hardships, the narrative of which cannot be read without a shudder. Our most eminent men have vied with each other in extolling its merits. Two vols. octavo, superbly illustrated. Three hundred Engravings. Price \$5.00.

DR. KANE'S FIRST NARRATIVE.
The United States Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, during the years 1850-51.
A Personal Narrative, by Dr. Kane, M. D., U. S. N. One volume 8vo., upwards of 650 pages, containing 200 Steel Plates and Wood Engravings, including a fine Steel Portrait of Sir John Franklin, being the only one ever engraved in America. Also, a Biography of Franklin, by S. Austin Allibone, Esq. \$3.00.

This work is totally distinct from the second Arctic Expedition, and embraces much valuable and interesting matter never before published. It should be owned by all who have purchased the last Expedition, as it makes Dr. Kane's works complete.

A Photograph of Dr. Kane, taken from Life by Brady, of New York, Price \$5.00.

In Press, Col. J. C. Fremont's Explorations, prepared by the Author, and embracing all his Expeditions.
Superbly illustrated with Steel Plates and Wood Cuts, engraved under the immediate supervision of Col. Fremont, mostly from Daguerreotypes taken on the spot, and will be issued in a style to match Dr. Kane's works. It will also contain a new Steel Portrait, being the only correct likeness of the author ever published. Two Volumes, Octavo—\$5.

Brazil and the Brazilians. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. J. C. Fowler, of the Presbyterian Church.
This new and splendidly illustrated work (one large volume octavo, in uniform style with the superb volumes of Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations,) is the joint effort of the above-named gentlemen, who, as travelers and as missionaries, (and one in an official position as Acting Secretary of the United States Legation at Rio) have had a long and varied experience in a full knowledge of the country, and regard it as a natural, commercial, political or moral point of view. Price \$3.00.

Any of the above works will be sent by mail free of Postage by remitting the Published Price. Agents wanted.
CHILD & PETERSON, Publishers, 602 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., 29 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia; Phillips, Sampson & Co., 13, Winter St., Boston; Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., 115, Nassau St., New York; G. P. Putnam & Co., 321, Broadway, New York; Applegate & Co., 48 N. 3d St., Cincinnati; S. G. Griggs & Co., 111, Lake St., Chicago. (88-17)

Office N. C. Rail Road Co.,
SALISBURY, Sept. 8, 1887.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
That the following Stock subscribed for in this Company will be sold for CASH on the 1st day of October next, at the Court House in the town of Salisbury, unless the amount due on said subscriptions shall be paid before the time of sale.

No. of Shares.

E. D. Austin now in the name of O. Gillespie,	15
Samuel N. Blake,	10
Danby Cooley,	79
Michael Davis,	8
C. DuRoi,	1
M. M. Gladson,	1
James Green transferred to John Kennedy,	45
Seaton Gales,	2
C. M. D. Hutchings,	1
E. E. Hester,	1
John M. Long,	1
Richard Ligon,	1
Wm. McCauley,	1
C. Myers,	1
Patrick McGowan,	1
J. A. Parker,	1
J. B. Russell,	1
J. W. Scott,	1
W. S. Simpson,	2
S. H. Turrentine,	1
J. C. Turrentine,	25
S. & D. Teller,	8
J. A. Worth,	1
W. Ward,	1
Hart & Polly,	6

CYRUS P. MENDENHALL, Treasurer. (88-23)

OAK RIDGE MALE INSTITUTE.
—THE Fall Session of Oak Ridge, will open on the 27th of August next under the care and instruction of Rev. T. S. WHITTINGTON A. M., as Principal, with competent assistants.

Price of Tuition and Board as follows:— Tuition from \$8 to \$10 per session; Board \$5 per month.
For further particulars, address the Principal at Oak Ridge, Guilford county, N. C. July 20th, 1887. 82-23a.

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL, Land Agent.
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL, (68-13) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SODA WATER.
DRAWN FROM A PORCELAIN LINED FOUNTAIN, can always be had at the Drug Store.
W. C. EORTER.

Land Warrants.
WHEELER & EVERETT, Brokers, New York City, will pay for Bounty Land Warrants of all denominations, TWO PER CENT. ABOVE MARKET PRICES, until October 16th, we having a large amount to deliver at that time. Send them along. The following are the latest quotations:

120 acres94
120 " "90
80 " "94
40 " "10

Parties sending Warrants by mail, will be paid the same as though they were personally present. Draft remitted by return mail. Address WHEELER & EVERETT, Brokers, New York City. New York, August 16th, 1887. 86-17.

FRESH SUPPLY OF GOOD COFFEES, just received and for sale by June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONNETT, Swiss & Cambrie, both figured and plain. Diaper and Linen table covers, Wash-bone and figured string, grass corded, and Hoop Skirts for sale at cash prices by June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

SOMETHING NEW! A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!
MRS. L. BENICINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of **FAMILY GROCERIES**, which will be sold cheap for cash. Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

DANBURY FEMALE SEMINARY, STOKES COUNTY, N. C.—This institution, located at Danbury, N. C., in the midst of the romantic mountain region of North Carolina, and within a short distance of the Piedmont Springs, possesses unusual attractions, and the rare qualifications of the instructors in imparting ornamental and useful learning, rank the institution as one worthy of a most liberal patronage. Not only from its situation in one of the most beautiful and healthful portions of the State, but from the diligent and watchful care bestowed upon all who are placed in charge of the Principal, this School possesses peculiar advantages. Students are here prepared to enter any class in college. The Fall Session will open on the fourth Thursday in September, and close on the fourth Thursday in January following. The Spring Session will open on the same day, and continue twenty-one weeks. Pupils should consider the importance of being present at the opening.

Board can be had at from \$6 to \$7. Tuition in English course, \$5—\$10, according to standing. Music \$18; French \$5. For further information address ADA MOORE, Principal, Danbury, N. C. 6m

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making. JAMES M. HUGHES, March 12, 1887.

COLLINS & CO. GENUINE Heart-Font Axes, for sale at cash prices by June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!!
U. S. F. hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,
SEBASTIAN'S choicest brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled. Prescription carefully put up at all hours by W. C. FORTER.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Nails, Grain and Grass Scythes, Axes, Corrugated, &c. R. G. LINDSAY, N. E. corner of Elm & Market. April, 1886.

PARBLE YARD.
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,

